STOWE,
THE
GARDENS
Of the Right Honourable
Richard Lord Viſcount *Cobham.*

Addreſs'd to Mr. *POPE.*

Devenere locos lætos, & amœna Vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas. Virg.

To which is added,

TASTE.
A
POEM.

By Mr. *POPE.*

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STOWE.

A

POEM.

TO Thee, great Maſter of the vocal String,
O *Pope*, of *Stowe*'s Elyzian Scenes I ſing:
That *Stowe*, which better far thy Muſe divine
Commands to live * in one diſtinguiſh'd Line:
Yet let not thy ſuperior Skill diſdain
The friendly Gift of this *Poetick Plan.*
The ſame preſiding Muſe alike inſpires
The *Planter*'s Spirit and the *Poet*'s Fires.

---

* *See Epiſtle to the Earl of* Burlington.

Alike, unleſs the Muſe propitious ſmile,
Vain is the *Planter's*, vain the *Poet's* Toil.
All great, all perfect Works from *Genius* flow,
The *Britiſh Iliad* hence, and hence the Groves of *Stowe*.

* To guardian *Phœbus* the firſt Strains belong,
(And may th' auſpicious Omen bleſs the Song)
To *Phœbus*, and th' attendant Virgin Train,
That o'er each Verſe, each learned Science reign,
And round embelliſhing the gay *Parterre*,
Unite their ſacred Influences here.
Here *Congreve*, welcome Gueſt, oft chear'd the Days,
With friendly Converſe, or poetick Lays.
Here *Lyttelton* oft ſpreads his growing Wing,
Delighted in theſe Shades to rove and ſing.
And Thou, where *Thames* impels his ſilver Flood,
Quitting the Care of thy own riſing Wood;
Oft, as thy Breaſt with pleaſing Rapture glow'd,
Haſt here, O *Pope*, avow'd th' inſpiring God.
In a green Niche's high-embowed Shrine,
Each tuneful Goddeſs ſhrouds her Form divine.
Beneath, in the wide Area's middle Space,
A jetting Fount its chryſtal Flood diſplays:

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* *Statues of* Apollo, *the* Nine Muſes, *and the* Liberal Arts and Sciences *placed round the Parterre.*

In whoſe clear Face again reflected ſhine
Pierian Phœbus, and the Virgin Nine.
Here too for ever bloom * th' *Aonian* Bays,
Ordain'd the Meed of tuneful Poets Lays.
In ſeemly Order they on either Hand,
Alternate in the verdant Arches ſtand:
Alternate glitt'ring with the gilded Vaſe,
On either Hand the verdant Arches blaze:
Here, odorous Flowers perfume the vital Gale,
‡ And there *Heſperian* Oranges exhale.
Tranſported hence the Summer-hearth they grace,
And ſhine, collected in the *China* Vaſe;
Or on the *Sunday*'s conſecrated Morn,
Select in Noſegays the fair Breaſt adorn.

Lead thro' the † Circle, Virgins, lead me on,
Where, guided by the ſtill-revolving Sun,
The faithful Dial counts the fleeting Hour,
Lead to the Church's venerable Tower:
Which like the life-producing Plant of Old,
That flouriſh'd once in *Eden*'s bleſſed Mould,

---

* *Bay-Trees and gilt Vaſes, placed alternately in the Arches of the Archade.*

‡ *The Orangerie.*

† *The Sun-Dial Parlour.*

In the mid-Garden plac'd, its ſacred Head
Uprears, emboſom'd in aſpiring Shade:
And bleſt with Vertue, like that wond'rous Tree,
Confers on Mortals Immortality.

Hence thro' the Windings of the mazy Wood
Deſcending, lo! the *Octagon*'s clear Flood,
And ruſtick *Obeliſk*'s aerial Height,
Burſt in one ſudden View upon the Sight.
* *Batavian* Poplars here in Ranks aſcend;
Like ſome high Temple's arching Iſles extend
The taper Trunks, a living Colonnade;
Eternal Murmur animates the Shade.
Above, † two *Dorick* Edifices grace
An elevated *Platform*'s utmoſt Space;
From whence, beyond the Brook that creeps below,
Along yon beauteous Hill's green ſloping Brow,
The Garden's deſtin'd Boundaries extend,
Where *Cobham*'s pleaſing Toils, tho' late, ſhall end.
Beneath, th' extended *Lake*'s capacious Bed,
Receives the loud, præcipitate *Caſcade*;
And tufted Groves along the verdant Side,
Caſt their deep Shadows o'er the ſilver Tide:

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* *The* Abeal *Walk.*
† *Two Pavilions built by Sir* J. Vanbrugh.

The ſilver Tide (where yonder high-rais'd Mound
Forms the wide-floating *Lake*'s extremeſt Bound)
In ſecret Channels thro' the ſwelling Hill,
Gives Force and Motion to th' impulſive Wheel;
Whoſe conſtant Whirl, the ſpouting Jets ſupplies,
And bids aloft th' unwilling Waters riſe.
Fair on the Brow, a ſpacious Building ſtands,
Th' applauded Work of *Kent*'s judicious Hands:
The ſpreading Wings in arched Circles bend,
And ruſtick Domes each arched Circle end.
Thence back returning, thro' the narrow Glade,
See, where the [*] *Ruin* lifts its mould'ring Head!
Within, cloſe-ſhelter'd from the peering Day,
Satyrs and Fauns their wanton Frolicks play:
While ſad *Malbecco* in the ſecret Cell,
Hears each rude Monſter [†] 'ring his Matin's Bell.'

Where yon high Firs diſplay their darkſome Green,
And mournful Yews compoſe a ſolemn Scene,
Around thy Building, *Gibbs*, [‡] a ſacred Band
Of Princes, Patriots, Bards, and Sages ſtand:
Men,

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[*] *The Ruin, painted on the Inſide with the Story of* Malbecco, *out of* Spenſer'*s* Fairy Queen. *Book* 3, *Canto* 10.

[†] *An Hemyſtick of* Spenſer.

[‡] *Alluding to the Inſcription on the Building.*
Hic Manus, ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera paſſi;
Quique pii Vates, & *Phœbo* digna locuti; In-

Men, who by Merit purchas'd laſting Praiſe,
Worthy each *Britiſh* Poet's nobleſt Lays:
Or bold in Arms for Liberty they ſtood,
And greatly periſh'd for their Country's Good:
Or nobly warm'd with more than mortal Fire,
Equal'd to *Rome* or *Greece* the *Britiſh* Lyre:
Or Human Life by uſeful Arts refin'd,
Acknowledg'd Benefactors of Mankind.

Thou firſt *Elizabeth*, Imperial Maid,
By free born Subjects willingly obey'd;
Foe to the Tyranny of *Spain* and *Rome*,
Abroad reſpected, and belov'd at home.
Beneath the friendly Shelter of thy Throne
Each Art of Peace with uſeful Luſtre ſhone:
Induſtrious Commerce courted every Gale,
And ſpread in diſtant Worlds her fearleſs Sail.
Encourag'd Science rear'd her laurel'd Head,
And all the pleaſing Train of Muſes led.
Lo! *Verulam* and *Shakeſpear* near Thee ſtand,
Rais'd by thy Smiles to grace this happy Land:
Both dear to *Phœbus*, ſacred both to Fame,
With Princes here an equal Rank they claim:

This

Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes;
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.
Virg. Lib. 6.

This with the richeſt Stores of Learning fraught,
That by indulgent Nature only taught.
All hail! auſpicious Queen, thy Praiſe ſhall live
(If Worth like thine Eternity can give)
When no proud Buſt th' Imperial Wreath ſhall bear,
And Braſs and Marble waſte to Duſt and Air.

O! that like Thee, ſucceeding Kings had ſtrove,
To build their Empire on their Peoples Love!
That taught by thy Example they had known,
That only Juſtice can ſupport a Throne!
Then had not *Britain* wanted *Hambden*'s Hand,
Weak and oppreſſive Counſels to withſtand:
Nor had the Patriot, on his native Plain,
Dy'd for the Laws he ſtruggled to maintain.
Behold his Buſt with Civick Honours grac'd,
Neareſt to thine, immortal *Naſſau*, plac'd,
To thine, great *William*, whoſe protecting Sword,
That *Liberty*, for which *He* fell, reſtor'd.

Next *Locke*, who in Defence of Conſcience roſe,
And ſtrove religious Rancour to compoſe:
Juſtly oppoſing every human Teſt,
Since God alone can judge who ſerves him beſt.

But what is he, in whom the heav'nly Mind
Shines forth diſtinguiſh'd and above Mankind?
This, this is *Newton*; *He*, who firſt ſurvey'd
The Plan, by which the Univerſe was made:
Saw Nature's ſimple, yet ſtupendous Laws,
And prov'd th' Effects, tho' not explain'd the Cauſe.

Thou too, bold *Milton*, whoſe immortal Name,
Thy Country dares to match with *Homer*'s Fame;
Whoſe tow'ring Genius vaſt and unconfin'd,
Left ev'n the Limits of the World behind;
Thro' Hell, thro' Chaos, and infernal Night,
Aſcending to the Realms of pureſt Light;
Or elſe on Earth, in *Eden*'s happy Grove,
With Peace, with Bliſs converſing, and with Love:
Here art thou plac'd, theſe blooming Shades among,
Second to thoſe alone thy Muſe has ſung.

* An Ancient Wood (upon whoſe topmoſt Bough
High-waving croaks the unauſpicious Crow)
From hence its venerable Gloom extends,
Where, rivalling its lofty Height, aſcends
The pointed Pyramid: This too is thine,
Lamented *Vanbrugh!* This thy laſt Deſign.

---

* *The Rook-Spinny.*

† Among the various Structures, that around,
Form'd by thy Hand, adorn this happy Ground,
This, ſacred to thy Memory ſhall ſtand:
Cobham, and grateful Friendſhip ſo command.

Nyſean Bacchus next the Muſe demands;
To Him, in yon high Grove, * a *Temple* ſtands;
Where *Britiſh* Oaks their ancient Arms diſplay,
And ſcreen the Summer Sun's unclouded Ray,
There, half-conceal'd, it rears its Ruſtick Head;
The painted Walls myſterious ¶ *Orgies* ſpread.
A jolly Figure on the Cieling reels,
Whoſe every Nerve the potent Goblet feels:
His Vine-bound Brows beſpeak him God of Wine,
The Cheeks, and ſwelling Paunch, O! —— are thine.
—— (not unknown to *Phœbus* is the Name)
Once felt the Fervour of a ſofter Flame;
When heedleſs Fortune ſhot the ſudden Dart,
And unexpected Rapture ſeiz'd his Heart.
My faithful Verſe this Secret ſhall reveal,
Nor —— himſelf ſhall blame the mirthful Tale.

A

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† *Alluding to the Inſcription.* Inter Plurima Hortorum horunce Ædificia a Joanne Vanbrugh Equite deſignata Hanc Pyramidem illius Memoriæ ſacram eſſe voluit Cobham. * *The ruſtick Temple, built by Sir* J. Vanbrugh.
¶ *Rites and Revels of* Bacchus.

A cool Receſs there is, not far away,
Sacred to Love, to Mirth, and rural Play.
Hither oft-times the youthful Fair reſort,
To cheat the tedious Hours with various Sport:
Some mid the *Nine-pins* marſhall'd Orders roll,
With Aim unerring, the impetuous *Bowl.*
Others, whoſe Souls to loftier Objects move,
Delight the *Swing*'s advent'rous Joys to prove:
While on each ſide the ready Lovers ſtand,
The flying Cord obeys th' impulſive Hand.
As on a Day contending Rivals ſtrove,
By manly Strength to recommend their Love;
Toſs'd to and fro, up flew the giddy Fair,
And ſcream'd, and laugh'd, and play'd in upper Air.
The flutt'ring Coats the rapid Motion find,
And One by One admit the ſwelling Wind:
At length the laſt, white, ſubtile Veil withdrew,
And thoſe myſterious Charms expos'd to view——
What Tranſport then, O —— poſſeſs'd thy Soul!
Down from thy Hand, down dropt the idle *Bowl:*
As for the skilful *Tip* prepar'd you ſtood,
And Hopes and Fears alarm'd th' expecting Croud.
Sudden to ſeize the beauteous Prey he ſprung;
Sudden with Shrieks the ecchoing Thicket rung.

Confounded and abaſh'd, the frighted Maid,
(While riſing Bluſhes ting'd her Cheeks with red)
Fled ſwift away, more rapid than the Wind,
And left the treach'rous *Swing*, and —— behind.
Down the ſmooth Lawn ſhe flew with eager Haſte,
And near thy * Obelisk, O *Coucher*, paſs'd:
As on the wounded Stone thy Name ſhe view'd,
The well-known Name her every Fear renew'd;
And ſtrait, in dreadful Viſion, to her Eyes
She ſees another Prieſt and Lover riſe.
Nor cou'd thy gentle Mind her Fears aſſuage,
Nor honeſt Heart, that knew nor Guile nor Rage;
But with redoubled ſpeed away ſhe fled,
And ſought the Shelter of the cloſer Shade;
Where in thick Covert, to her weary Feet,
† A private Grotto promis'd ſafe Retreat:
Alas! too private, for too ſafely there
The fierce Purſuer ſeiz'd the helpleſs Fair;
The Fair he ſeiz'd, while round him all the Throng
Of laughing *Dryads*, *Hymenæals* ſung:
Pronubial *Juno* gave the myſtick Sign,
And *Venus* nodded from ¶ her neighb'ring Shrine:
The Grotto, conſcious of the happy Flame,
From this auſpicious Deed derives its *Name*.

---

* *An Obelisk, in Memory of* Robin Coucher.
† *The Randibuſs.*
¶ *The Rotunda.*

Here future Lovers, when in Troops they come,
Venus, to viſit thy diſtinguiſh'd Dome;
As thro' this conſecrated Shade they paſs,
Shall offer to the Genius of the Place.

Shift now the cloſer Scene; and view around,
With various Beauties the wide Landskip crown'd,
Here level Glades extend their length'ning Lines,
There in juſt Order the deep *Quincunce* ſhines.
Here chryſtal Lakes reflect contiguous Shades,
There diſtant Hills uplift their azure Heads.
Round the free † *Lawn* here gadding Heifers ſtray,
And friſking Lambs their ſportive Gambols play.
There murmur to the Wind Groves ever-green,
And inter-mingled Buildings riſe between:
The Sun declin'd with milder Glory burns,
And the fair Piece with various Light adorns.
Lo! in the *Center* of this beauteous *Scene*,
Glitters beneath her * *Dome* the *Cyprian Queen*:
Not like to her, whom ancient *Homer* prais'd,
To whom a thouſand ſacred Altars blaz'd:
When ſimple Beauty was the only Charm,
With which each tender Nymph and Swain grew warm:
But,

---

† *A large Field encompaſs'd with the Garden.*
* *The Rotunda, on Pillars of the* Ionic *Order, with an Altar of blue Marble, and gilded Statue of the* Venus *of* Medicis.

But, yielding to the now-prevailing Taſte,
In *Gold*, for modern Adoration, dreſt.
For her the *Naiads*, in their watry Bed,
Amid the level Green * a Mirror ſpread;
Along whoſe terraſs'd Banks the ſhelt'ring Wood,
Defends from ruder Winds th' unruffled Flood.

Beyond, a ſylvan † *Theatre* diſplays
Its circling Boſom to the Noon-tide Rays.
In Shade, o'er Shade, the ſloping Ranks aſcend,
And tall *Abeals* the ſteep Gradation end.
Here to the Sun the gloſſy *Laurels* ſhine,
There wave the darker Honours of the *Pine*.

High on a Pedeſtal, whoſe ſwelling Baſe,
To Heav'n itſelf aſpiring Columns raiſe,
Shines the great Part'ner of *Auguſtus'* Bed,
The guardian Goddeſs of the noble Shade.
Beneath, in order ranged on either hand,
Attendant Nymphs and Swains rejoicing ſtand.

But cou'd the Muſe preſume her lowly Pray'r
Might win Attention from the Royal Ear,
Here

---

* *The Rotunda Pond.* † *The Queen's Theatre, with Her Majeſty's Statue erected on four Columns.*

Here ſhou'd thoſe Princely Stars, that dawning ſmile,
With kindly *Luſtre* on *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Fair Conſtellation! in one Blaze unite,
Aiding with filial Beams their Mother's Light.
Here ſhou'd Imperial CAROLINE be ſeen,
The glorious Rival of the † *Phrygian Queen*;
Who 'mid the thouſand Altars that around,
Blaz'd in old *Rome*'s *Pantheon*, high enthron'd,
With Pride ſurvey'd the venerable Dome,
Fill'd with the heav'nly Off-ſpring of her Womb.

And ſee! where, elevated far above,
* A Column overlooks yon nodding Grove;
On which, the Scene of Glory to compleat,
Deck'd with the Enſigns of Imperial State,
Stands the great Father, *George*, whoſe equal Sway,
With Joy *Britannia*'s happy Realms obey.
Thence round, he views the cultivated Plain,
That ſmiling ſpeaks the Bleſſings of his Reign.
Thus, o'er their Planets radiant Suns preſide,
By Heav'n's fixt Laws their various Courſes guide;
And ſhedding round Benevolence divine,
Bleſs'd by depending Worlds, indulgent ſhine.

---

† Cybele, *Mother of the Gods.*
* *The King's Pillar and Statue.*

Deep in this cloſe, umbrageous, wild Receſs,
Where the ſweet Songſters of the feather'd Race,
Warble their native Muſick thro' the Shade:
* A ſolitary Building hides its Head.
This peaceful Fabrick, for Repoſe deſign'd,
Cloſe Vales defend from penetrating Wind;
And the thick Under-wood's combining Boughs,
On every Side a verd'rous Wall compoſe.
Nigh, ſound the quiv'ring Poplars in the Air,
Like falling Waters murm'ring from afar.
Here, where their quiet unmoleſted Reign
The Gods of Sleep and Solitude maintain;
Whether ſoft Slumbers cloſe thy languid Eyes,
Or Thought be loſt in pleaſing *Réveries*,
From yon ſage † *Motto* learn thy ſelf to ſpare,
And bid adieu to unavailing Care.
Let not the Cenſures of the Wiſe diſmay;
But where they own clear Reaſon leads the Way,
Her pleaſing Dictates uncontrol'd purſue,
Thy Dreams, may be as good as Theirs, perhaps as true.

Forſaking now the Covert of the Maze,
Along the broader Walk's more open Space,
Paſs we to where a ſylvan Temple ſpreads
Around the *Saxon Gods*, its hallow'd Shades.

---

* *The Sleeping-Houſe.*
† Cum Omnia ſint in incerto fave Tibi.

Hail! Gods of our renown'd Fore-Fathers, hail!
Ador'd Protectors once of *England's* Weal.
Gods, of a Nation, valiant, wiſe, and free,
Who conquer'd to eſtabliſh *Liberty!*
To whoſe auſpicious Care *Britannia* owes
Thoſe Laws, on which ſhe ſtands, by which ſhe roſe.
Still may your Sons that noble Plan purſue,
Of equal Government preſcrib'd by you.
Nor e'er indignant may you bluſh to ſee,
The Shame of your corrupted Progeny!

First radiant *Sunna* ſhews his beamy Head,
Mona to Him, and ſcepter'd *Tiw* ſucceed;
Tiw, ancient Monarch of remoteſt Fame,
Who led from *Babel's* Tow'rs the *German* Name.
And warlike *Woden*, fam'd for martial Deeds,
From whom great *Brunſwick's* noble Line proceeds.
Dread *Thuner* ſee! on his Imperial Seat,
With awful Majeſty, and kingly State
Reclin'd! at his Command black Thunders roll,
And Storms and fiery Tempeſts ſhake the Pole.
With various Emblem next fair *Friga* charms,
In female Coats array'd and manly Arms.
Expreſſive *Image* of that double Soul,
Prolifick Spirit that informs the Whole;

Whoſe Genial Power throughout exerts its Sway,
And Earth, and Sea, and Air, its Laws obey,
Laſt of the Circle hoary *Seatern* ſtands;
Inſtructive Emblems fill his myſtick Hands:
In this, a Wheel's revolving Orb declares
The never-ending Round of rolling Years,
That holds a Veſſel fill'd with fading Flowers
And Fruits collected by the ripening Hours.
Be warn'd from hence, ye fair Ones! to improve
The tranſitory Minutes made for Love,
E'er yet th' inexorable Hand of *Time*
Robs of its bloomy Sweets your lovely Prime.

Lo, *Nelſon*'s airy Seat, whoſe riſing Sides
Obſcuring Fir, and ſhining Laurel hides!
Here in ſweet Contraſt Rural Scenes diſplay'd
Around their native wilder Beauties ſpread.
The tufted Woodland's, where the Hunter's Horn
Oft wakes with chearful Note the drowzy Morn;
The Brook that glitters in the Vale below,
And all the riſing Lawn's enlightned Brow,
* In lowly Huts adown whoſe ſhelving Side,
From Storms ſecure the peaceful Hinds reſide:
The ſpacious *Park*, within whoſe circling Pale,
The bounding Deer at large impriſon'd dwell;

---

* *The Village of* Dadford.

And feed in ſocial Herds along the Glade,
Or lonely ſeek the ſolitary Shade.
Far o'er the level Green, in juſt Array,
Long Rows of Trees their adverſe Fronts diſplay.
So when two Nations, fierce in Arms, prepare
At one deciſive Stroke to end the War,
In ſeemly Order, e'er the Battle joins,
The marſhal'd Hoſts extend their threat'ning Lines,
And Files to Files oppos'd await the Word,
That gives a Looſe to the deſtroying Sword.

High on a Mount, amid a verdant Field,
Where intermitted Lines wide opening yield;
Where from their plenteous Urns the watry Gods
Pour o'er the green Expanſe their limpid Floods,
Behold the † *good old King* in Armour clad,
Triumphant Wreaths his ſacred Temples ſhade.
And in his gracious Aſpect ſhine expreſt,
The manly Beauties of his gentle Breaſt;
His Mind, ſincere, benevolent and great,
Nor aw'd by *Danger*, nor with *Pow'r* elate;

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† *Equeſtrian Statue of* George I. *at the Head of the Canal, with this Inſcription,*

In medio mihi Cæſar erit,
Et viridi in Campo Signum de Mamore ponam
Propter Aquam. *Virg.*

For *Valour* much, but more for *Juſtice* known,
Brave in the Field, and *Good* upon the Throne.

* An ample Arch, beneath whoſe ſpacious Round,
The maſſy Valves on turning Hinges ſound,
Opens its hoſpitable Boſom wide;
Thro' which at large the rolling Chariots glide.
On ſwelling Baſtions here † *Two* Buildings riſe,
(While far beneath the low-ſunk Vally lies;
Where, or in one broad Lake the Waters ſpread,
Or draw their humid Trains along the Mead.)
Of *Theſe*, a Shelter from the ſcorching Rays,
One in the Garden ſpreads its ruſtick Baſe:
One in the Park, an habitable Frame,
The Houſhold *Lares*, and *Penates* claim.

But ſhall the Muſe approach the Pile, aſſign'd
Once, for a Manſion to her much-lov'd Friend,
And not beſtow one melancholy Tear,
Unhappy *Speed!* on thy untimely Bier?

---

* *The great Entrance into the Park, and approach to the Houſe along the Garden Wall.*

† *Two Buildings, call'd* Boycut Buildings, *on each ſide the Entrance. One in the Garden, the other in the Park was intended for a Houſe for Colonel* Speed, *deceas'd.*

Here, had not haſty Fate our Hopes deceiv'd,
In ſweet Retirement tranquil had'ſt thou liv'd;
And paſs'd with him, whoſe Friendſhip did ingage
In Arms thy Youth, in Peace thy weary Age.
Faithful Companion of his toilſome Days,
He led *Thee* on in Glory's noble Chace!
Faithful Companion of his calm Retreat,
Here had he deſtin'd thy delightful Seat.
Here too the Muſe had joy'd to ſee thee bleſt,
Of every Hope, of every Wiſh poſſeſt;
Had ſung, with Friendſhip and Affection mov'd,
Thy honeſt Heart by all eſteem'd and lov'd;
And to thy living Worth that Tribute paid,
Which ſorrowing now ſhe offers to thy Shade.

Of Falſe TASTE.

AN

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

Richard Earl of *Burlington*,

Occaſion'd by his publiſhing *Palladio*'s Deſigns of the BATHS, ARCHES, THEATRES, &c. of Ancient *ROME*.

'TIS ſtrange the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er *enjoy*:
Is it leſs ſtrange the Prodigal ſhould *waſte*
His Wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can *taſte*?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſick, Meats:
He buys from *Topham* Drawings and Deſigns,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Curio* Coins,

Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*,
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew *how many* Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill-got Wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "*Knights* ſhould have a *Taſte*."
Heav'n viſits with a *Taſte* the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod, but *Sh—p—rd* with a Rule.
See ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward Pride,
Bids *Babo* build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding Sermon! at each Year's Expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.

Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte——'Tis *Senſe*;
Good Senſe, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the Seven.
A Light, which in *yourſelf* you muſt perceive;
* *Jones* and ‡ *Le Notre* have it not to give.

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* Inigo Jones. ‡ *The famous Artiſt who deſign'd the beſt Gardens in* France, *and plann'd* Greenwich *and St.* James'*s Parks*, &c.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
Conſult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcroops in circling Theatres the Vale,
Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Deſigns.*

Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring Parts, ſhall ſlide into a Whole,
Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, ſtrike, from *Chance*;
Nature ſhall join you; *Time* ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a * STOW.

Without it, proud *Verſailles!* thy Glory falls,
And *Nero*'s Terraſſes deſert their Walls:

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* *The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viſcount* Cobham *in* Buckinghamſhire.

The vaſt *Parterres* a thouſand Hands ſhall make,
Lo! *Bridgman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake*;
Or cut wide *Views* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your Hill, and ſhelter'd Seat, again.

Behold *Villario*'s ten-years Toil compleat,
His *Quincunx* darkens, his Eſpaliers meet,
The Wood ſupports the Plain; the Parts unite,
And Strength of Shade contends with Strength of Light;
His bloomy Beds a waving Glow diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright Diverſities of Day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring Rills mæander'd o'er——
——Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
Tir'd of the Scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
And ſee the ſtretching Branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner *Viſta* loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves,
One *boundleſs Green* or *flouriſh'd Carpet* views,
With all the mournful Family of *Yews*;

The thriving Plants ignoble Broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Allies they were born to ſhade.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants *Bread*
The Lab'rer bears; what thy hard Heart denies,
Thy charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another Age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown thy Slope, and nod on thy Parterre.
Deep Harveſts, bury all thy Pride has plann'd,
And laughing *Ceres* re-aſſume the Land.

At *Timon*'s *Villa* let us paſs a Day,
Where all cry out, ‘ What Sums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous Air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.
Greatneſs, with *Timon*, dwells in ſuch a Draught,
As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought:
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny Inſect, ſhiv'ring at a Breeze!
Lo! what huge Heaps of Littleneſs around!
The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above Ground!

Two *Cupids* ſquirt before: A Lake behind
Improves the Keenneſs of the *Northren* Wind.
His *Gardens* next your Admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildneſs to perplex the Scene:
Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring Eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no Shade.
Here *Amphitrite* ſails thro' Myrtle Bow'rs;
Then * *Gladiators* fight, or die, in Flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping Sea-horſe mourn,
And Swallows rooſt in *Nilus'* duſty Urn.

Behold! my Lord advances o'er the Green,
Smit with the mighty Pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular Approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the Length of yon hot Terras ſweat,

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* *The two famous Statues of the* Gladiator pugnans, & Gladiator moriens.

And when up ten ſteep Slopes you've dragg'd your Thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your Eyes.

His *Study?* with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Sueil* has *bound.*
Lo ſome are *Vellom*, and the reſt as good,
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe Shelves admit not any Modern Book.

And now the Chappel's ſilver Bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light Quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
On gilded Clouds in fair Expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your Eye.
To Reſt, the Cuſhion, and ſoft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.

But hark! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call;
A hundred Footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* ſpew to waſh your Face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
You drink by Meaſure, and to Minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
Between each Act, the trembling Salvers ring,
From Soup to Sweetwine, and *God bleſs the King.*
In Plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in State,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my Leave,
Sick of his civil Pride, from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh Coſt, and little Skill,
And ſwear, no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

In you, my *Lord*, Taſte ſanctifies Expence,
For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Senſe.
You ſhow us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous Buildings once were things of uſe.

Juſt as they are, yet ſhall your noble Rules
Fill half the Land with *imitating Fools*,
Who random Drawings from your Sheets ſhall take,
And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric State;
Turn Archs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd Dog-hole, ek'd with Ends of Wall,
Then clap four Slices of Pilaſter on't,
And lac'd with Bits of Ruſtic, 'tis a Front:
Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch Cold at a *Venetian* Door;
Conſcious they act a true *Palladian* Part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by Rules of Art.

Yet thou proceed; be fallen Arts thy care,
Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,
Jones and *Palladio* to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of thy Mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch Hands deſign'd,
Bid Harbours open, publick Ways extend,
And Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his Bounds their ſubject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy *Kings.*

FINIS.

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